

ACTION PACKED - THRILLS - WESTERN ADVENTURES



AN AVON COMIC

COW

NO. 3



# COW PUNCHER

P251

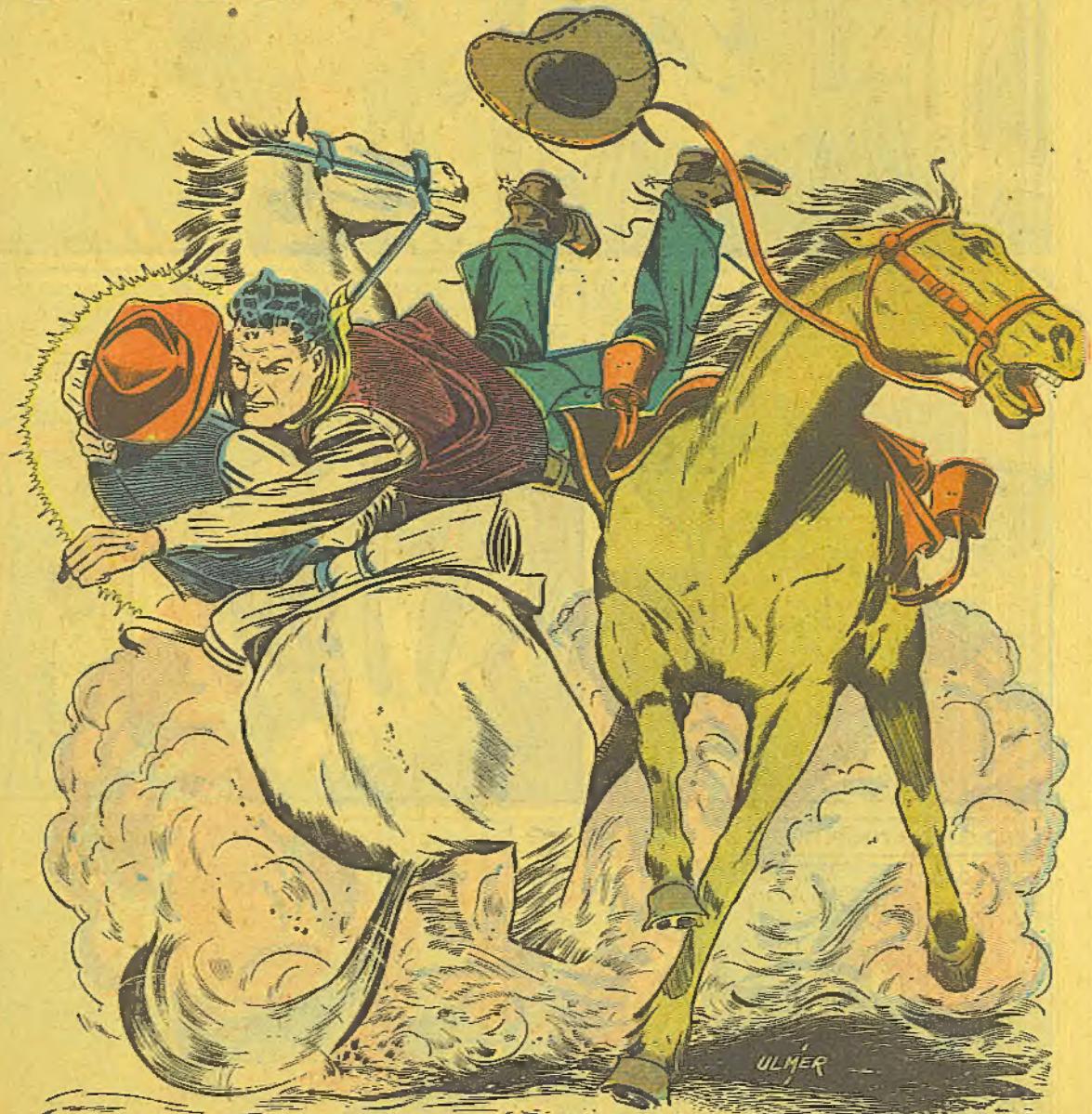


ULMER

# WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



# THE LEGEND OF THE FIERY RIDERS



Many a tricky gun-toter and bad cow-puncher has met his fate at the hands of the TEXAS RANGER. Whose very name, whispered through the badlands of the old west, commanded respect in the hearts of good men and fear in the souls of bad! But when an old legend seems to suddenly come true to strike terror to the range, the Texas Ranger finds himself facing a strange, awesome foe--until he finds out the secret of the **LEGEND OF THE FIERY RIDERS!**

THREE STRANGERS STRIDE INTO THE OFFICE OF THE TEXAS RANGER IN THE TOWN OF HEADSTONE . . .



I'M LOOKING FOR THE TEXAS RANGER FOR THIS HERE REGION. MY NAME IS TODD. MY ASSISTANTS AND I HAVE JUST COME IN ON THE STAGE.

I'M THE RANGER HERE. WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU, TODD?

TELL ME WHAT YOU KNOW ABOUT THE LEGEND OF THE FIERY RIDERS. MY ASSISTANTS AND I DO RESEARCH INTO OLD LEGENDS.



WE'VE COME TO INVESTIGATE THIS LEGEND. A BAND OF BANDITS HUNG TWENTY YEARS AGO, ARE SAID TO RETURN EVERY TEN YEARS...RIGHT ABOUT THIS TIME!

LEGEND? NEVER HEARD OF IT! I DON'T BELIEVE IN GHOSTS, BUT I'LL RIDE THE PLAINS WITH YOU TONIGHT AND WE'LL SEE!

FINE, RANGER, TONIGHT IT IS!



AND SO THAT NIGHT...

IT'S EARLY YET! I'VE

SO FAR NO SIGN OF ANY GHOSTS, TODD!

FOUND MANY SUCH LEGENDS TO COME TRUE!



YES..THOSE OLD LEGENDS OFTEN PROVE TRUE. I REMEMBER ONCE..

WAIT..LISTEN! I HEAR GUNS FIRING!





THEY HIT ME  
AND CLEANED  
ME OUT!

TOO BAD, CLEM!  
I'LL HEAD  
TO TOWN  
AND GIVE  
THESE NOTES  
TO MY ASSISTANTS!

YOU CAN'T FIGHT  
GHOSTS, RANGER!  
SEE YOU  
T'MORROW!

GHOSTS, EH?  
MAYBE YES  
AND MAYBE  
NO!

AND SO THE NEXT NIGHT. . .

HOPE YOU DON'T MIND  
MY RIDING ALONG, RANGER.  
I MIGHT PICK UP SOME MORE  
VALUABLE  
INFORMATION!

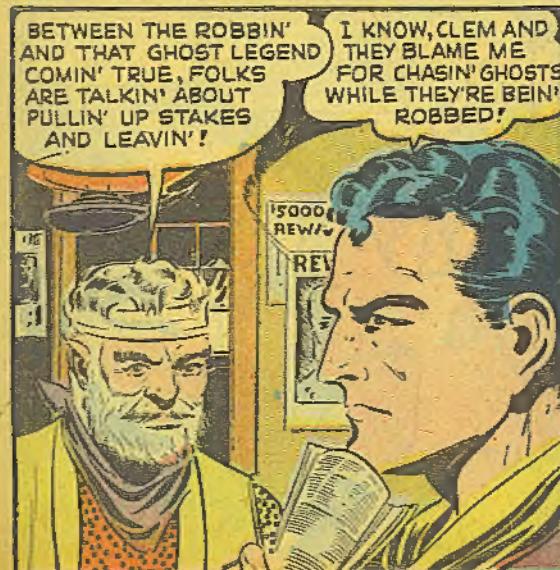
NO, TODD,  
GLAD TO  
HAVE  
COMPANY!

WHERE ARE  
THOSE ASSISTANTS  
OF YOURS,  
TODD?

THEY..ER..STAY IN  
TOWN DOING  
RESEARCH.  
I DO THE FIELD  
WORK!

TODD...OVER THERE?  
IT'S THE  
FIERY RIDERS  
AGAIN!

WHA? BY GOLLY, RANGER,---  
IT'S THEM,  
ALL RIGHT!



SAY, TODD...I WANT  
TO...HEY! WATCH  
THAT!

OH, RANGER....  
OOOPS!



THIS IS A BOX  
OF BOOKS,  
RANGER....  
RESEARCH BOOKS.  
JUST ARRIVED ON  
THE STAGE FOR  
ME. WHAT DID  
YOU WANT TO  
SAY?



THE RANGER'S KEEN EYES HAVE SEEN  
SOMETHING, AND AS TODD RIDES OFF....



THIS WHITE POWDER CAME  
FROM THAT BOX WHEN  
IT FELL...? I'LL  
TAKE SOME OF  
IT TO DOC BROMLEY,  
THE CHEMIST!

LATER

HERE'S A  
REPORT ON THAT  
WHITE POWDER,  
RANGER. I  
ANALYZED IT AND  
IT'S POWDERED  
SULPHUR!

THANKS, DOC. THAT'S  
ENOUGH FOR ME! I'M  
GOING TO CAPTURE  
A LEGEND!



CAPTURE A  
LEGEND...?  
HE MUST BE  
LOCO!

I'LL TRY TO PICK UP TODD'S  
TRAIL BY THE POWDERED  
SULPHUR LEAKING FROM  
THE BOX!



AND SOON AFTERWARDS, IN THE HILLS...

THAT POWDER MADE AN EASY TRAIL  
TO FOLLOW. IT LEADS BEHIND  
THESE ROCKS.. NOW TO SEE  
WHAT'S THERE!



ALL RIGHT, TODD...  
THE GAME IS UP!  
REACH FOR  
THE SKY!

WHAT?

THE RANGER! HE  
MUST'VE FOLLOWED YOU,  
FOOL! WHY WEREN'T YOU  
MORE CAREFUL?

IT WAS EASY FOLLOWING  
THAT LEAK OF POWDER,  
TODD! SOME RESEARCH  
BOOKS IN THAT BOX, I'LL  
SAY!

WE'RE  
NOT  
LICKED...

THEN, WITH SAVAGE SUDDENNESS...

OOOHH!

YET!! GET HIS  
GUN!

AND I'M NOT FINISHED  
YET, TODD! THIS IS  
JUST A SAMPLE!

OOOH!

AND THIS  
FOR YOU!

UGH!

ALMOST  
LIKE  
BOWLING!

YEEOOH!

LOOKS LIKE SOMEBODY'S TRYIN' TO GET AWAY!

YOU WON'T GET ME, RANGER!



### THE BATTLE OVER, THE RANGER UNCOVERS THE SECRET OF THE FIERY RIDERS



THE DUMMIES WERE STRAPPED ON HORSES AND IN THE DARK THEY GLOWED LIKE GHOSTS:

NOW TO GET TO TOWN AND TELL FOLKS THE TRUTH!

IN TOWN, THE RANGER REVEALS THE LEGEND.

SO IT WAS ALL A TRICK TO TAKE ATTENTION FROM THEIR REAL ROBBIN'!



BUT, RANGER,  
YOU **WERE**  
SUSPICIOUS.  
WHY?

TODD TRIED HARD TO MAKE ME BELIEVE THE RIDERS WERE GHOSTS, BUT THERE WAS NOTHING GHOSTLY ABOUT THE SOUND OF THEIR HORSES HOOFs AS THEY RODE AWAY. LIKE ALL CROOKS HE DIDN'T THINK OF EVERYTHING!



JACK A.  
WARREN'S

# WILD WEST Rodi-dos

POOR IKE, MY DEP-PUTTY  
HE DIED WITH HIS  
BOOTS ON!

COME GET ME, SHERIFF, IF YOU  
CAN. — I DON'T LIKE SHERIFFS AND  
THEIR DEPUTYS. — YOU'LL FIND  
ME OUT ON TH' OWL HOOT TRAIL  
AND I'LL PUT ANOTHER NOTCH  
ON MY SIX-GUN.

BANG

BANG

— SALOON —

IN THE EARLY DAYS OF THE WEST  
WHEN A MAN BECAME AN OUTLAW  
AND TRAVELED WITH THE WILD BUNCH  
HE WAS "A-HITTIN' TH' OWL-HOOT TRAIL"

I'LL GIT THAT KILLER  
OR MY NAME AINT  
HICKUP. — AH, THERE'S  
TURKEY-TAIL! I'LL  
ASK HIM IF HE'S  
SEEN TH' KILLER  
RIDIN THIS-A-WAY.

HEY, TURKEY-TAIL, DID  
YOU SEE TH' KILLER  
RIDIN THIS WAY?

HE NO FLAP ARMS FLIP-FLOP LIKE YOU,  
BUT HE RIDE EASY, THAT WAY —  
MAY-BE-SO YOU CATCHUM — SOMETIME!

UGH! WHITE MAN  
FAT STUFF-NO CAN  
RIDE-UM HORSE.  
MAY-BE-SO ROCKING  
CHAIR.

AH-HUH, THERE'S CHIEF TAKE-A-POKE  
OF THE KICK-A-PATCH-EES.  
HE'S A SALTY HOMBRE,  
BUT I'LL BET TWO BITS,  
MEX HE KNOWS THE  
KILLER!

HOW, CHIEF, YOU  
SEE THE KILLER  
RIDE THIS WAY?

PALE-FACE HEAP NUTS. I'LL  
PLAY DUMB. I NO WANNA  
KILL HIM. HE GOTTEM NO  
HAIR ON TOP OF HEAD.

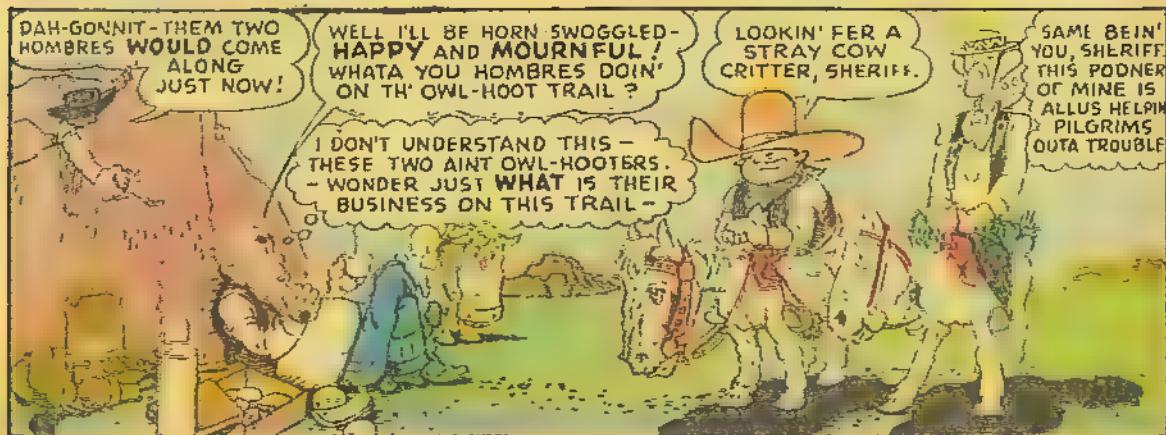
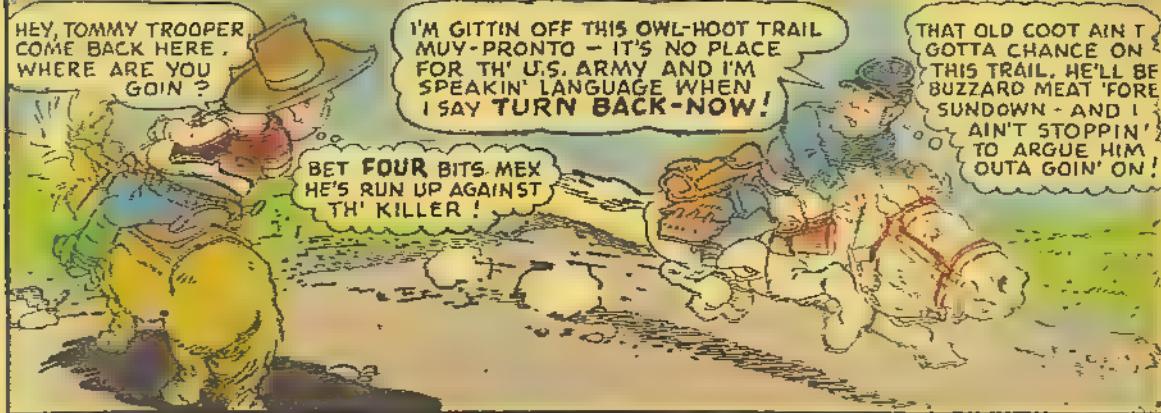
MAYBE-SO YOU  
RIDEM TWO SUNS  
BY BIG WATER —  
YOU CATCHUM.

HEY, KURLEY KOONSKIN  
DID YOU SEE THE  
KILLER RIDE THIS-  
A-WAY?

RECKON  
THAT'S  
ABOUT TH'  
WAY TH'  
STRAW  
BLOW'S,  
SHERIFF

THIS TRAIL DON'T JUST  
LOOK INVITIN' LIKE, —  
BUT I ALWAYS GIT MY  
MAN AND NO VARMINT  
IS GONNA KILL MY  
DEP-PUTTY AND GIT  
AWAY WITH IT! —  
POOR IKE,  
HE DIED  
WITH HIS  
BOOTS ON!

THE Owl-Hoot  
TRAIL —  
OBADON ALL  
HOPE WHEN YOU  
ENTER HERE



THUR AINT NO USE  
AR-GI-FYIN' WITH THAT  
OLD MOSSYBACK WE'LL  
TAKE A PACER OVER  
THIS HILL AND KEEP  
OUT OF SIGHT, THEN  
WAIT TIL THE BATTLE'S  
OVER AND PICK UP  
THE SHERIFF'S  
REMAINS.

HM-MM-  
I WOULDN'T  
BET MY  
30 YEARS  
SAVIN'S  
ON THAT.

HEY! HOLD UP THAR - QUIT SLINGIN' THAT  
LEAD UNTIL I GIT MY HARDWARE STRAPPED  
ON - THEN --

HO-KAY - SO YOU WANNA  
START A ONE MAN WAR!

WELL, I CAN POP A  
FEW CAPS MYSELF -  
COME OUT FROM  
BEHIND THAT  
ROCK AND FIGHT  
LIKE A MAN!

WELL, THE WAR  
IS OVER - SO LET'S  
GO BACK AND PICK  
UP THE SHERIFF'S  
REMAINS AND TAKE  
'EM TO THE  
UNDERTAKER.

I AIN'T  
CONVINCED

SEE WHAT I MEAN?  
TH'OLD GOAT WOULDN'T  
TAKE OUR ADVICE  
AND LOPE OFF THIS  
TRAIL -

WITH HIS BOOTS ON!

HEY! GIT OFFIN' ME!  
I AIN'T DEAD YET!

YEH? SEE WHAT  
I MEAN?

LAY DOWN  
YOU OLD COOT,  
DON'T YOU  
KNOW WHEN  
YOU'RE DEAD?

GIT MY HOSS AND SIX-GUN!  
GIT A POSSIE! - SHERIFF  
HICUP, THA'S  
ME, - ALLUS  
GITS HIS  
MAN!

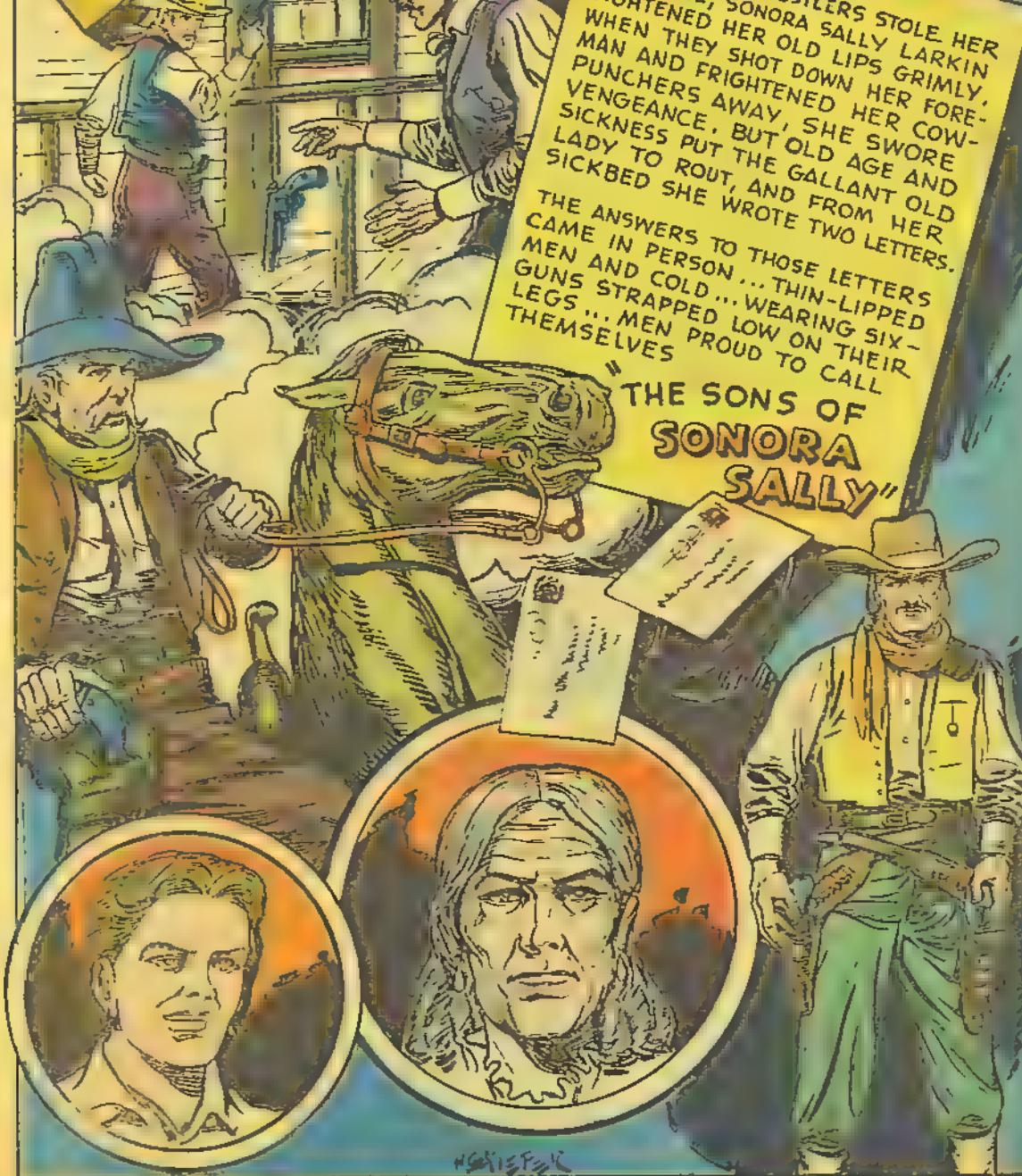
TALIES  
OF THE

# SILENT SPACES

WHEN RUSTLERS STOLE HER CATTLE, SONORA SALLY LARKIN TIGHTENED HER OLD LIPS GRIMLY. WHEN THEY SHOT DOWN HER FOREMAN AND FRIGHTENED HER COWPUNCHERS AWAY, SHE SWORE VENGEANCE. BUT OLD AGE AND SICKNESS PUT THE GALLANT OLD LADY TO ROUT, AND FROM HER SICKBED SHE WROTE TWO LETTERS.

THE ANSWERS TO THOSE LETTERS CAME IN PERSON ... THIN-LIPPED MEN AND COLD ... WEARING SIX-GUNS STRAPPED LOW ON THEIR LEGS ... MEN PROUD TO CALL THEMSELVES

"THE SONS OF  
SONORA  
SALLY"

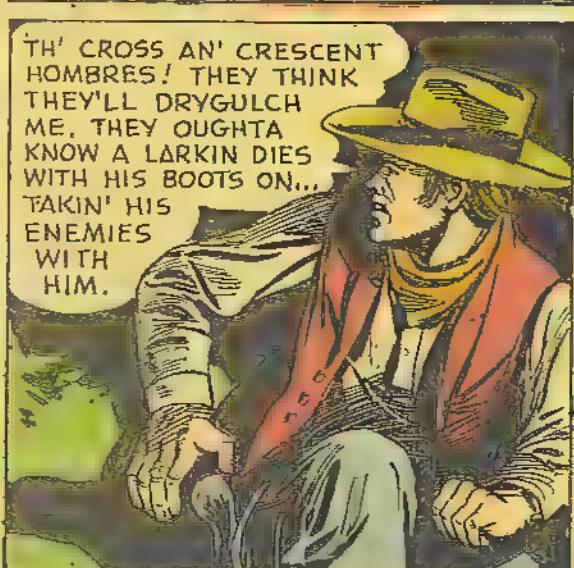
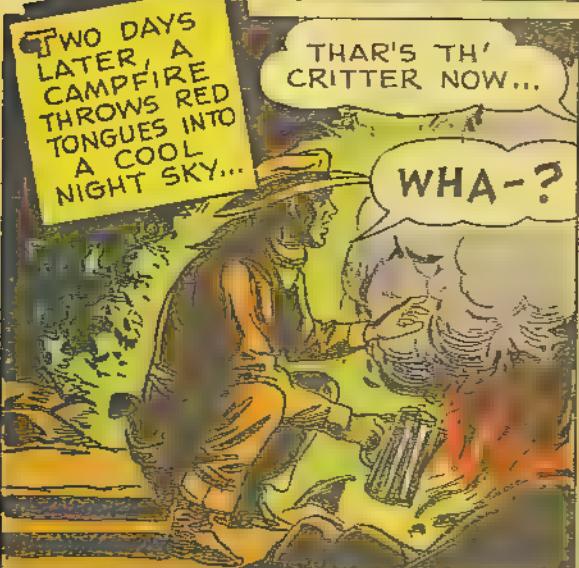
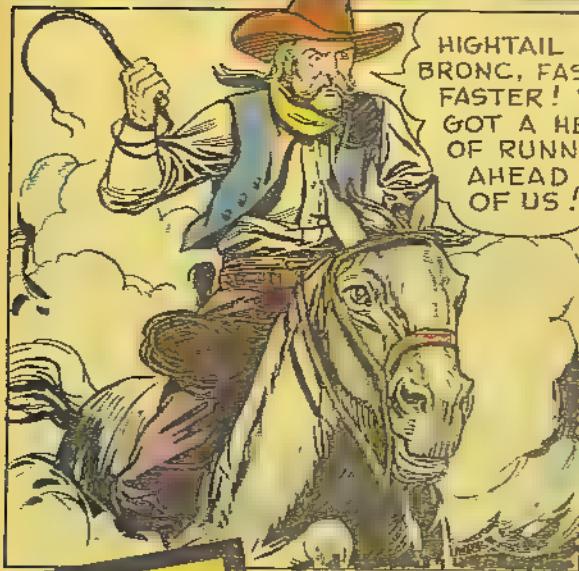
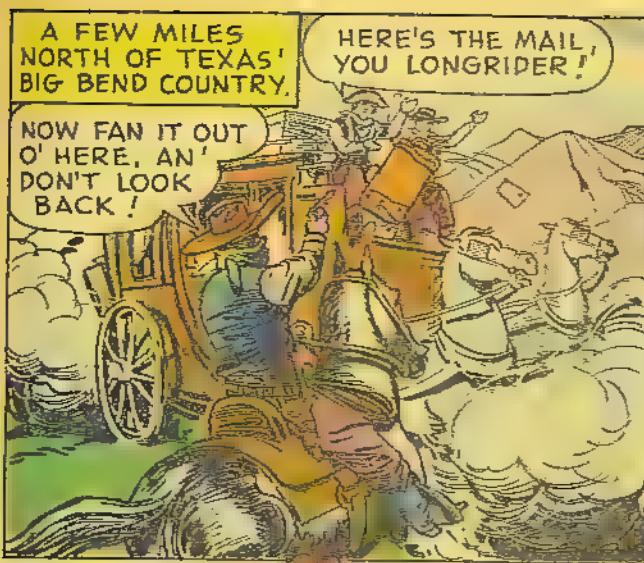


A FEW MILES  
NORTH OF TEXAS'  
BIG BEND COUNTRY.

NOW FAN IT OUT  
O' HERE, AN'  
DON'T LOOK  
BACK!

HERE'S THE MAIL,  
YOU LONGRIDER!

SWEET  
MAVERICK!  
IT'S ADDRESSED  
TO-ME!



HAW! HAW! FOOLED YOU GOOD, KID!

BETTER LEAVE THET SIX-SHOOTER SÖMWERHES, KID. ANY REAL GUNMAN WOULD'A SHOT YOU BEFORE YOU CLEARED LEATHER. IT'S THET WITHERED RIGHT ARM OF YOURN!

THE STEER THET THREWED ME WHEN I WAS JUST A BUTTON DID THET. I AIN'T NEVER RECOVERED TH' USE OF THET ARM. I-I WISH I WAS AS SLICK A GUN-FANNER AS YOU, LARRY, ...OR BUCK.

AT THE FORTONGUE RANCH, SONORA  
SALLY LARKIN MEETS HER SONS...

I WANT YOU TO PROMISE ME NOT TO USE YOUR GUNS, KID! THE CROSS AN' CRESCENT BUNCH ARE TOPNOTCH TRIGGER ARTISTS.

BUCK 'N' ME'LL HANDLE 'EM, MAW!

I WRT YOU LETTERS TELLIN' YOU 'BOUT TH' RUSTLERS. YOU KNOW AS MUCH ABOUT 'EM NOW AS I DO. THEY'RE PLUMB BAD! THEY HANG OUT IN BROKEN BOW - AND THEIR HOME RANCH IS THIRTY MILES FROM HERE...

I'M A DYIN', BOYS. I KNOW YOU'LL GIT THEM VARMINTS, BUT ONE PROMISE YOU GOT TO MAKE ME, KID, - THET YOU'LL HANG UP YOUR GUNS. FIGHT 'EM SOME OTHER WAY, BUT DON'T USE YOUR SIXES

I PROMISE, MOM!

IN BROKEN BOW, LATE THAT AFTERNOON...

HUH? IT'S THE LARKIN BOYS — LARRY AN' BUCK!

WE'VE COME LOOKIN' FOR THE CROSS  
AND CRESCENT HOMBRES!  
ANYBODY SEEN 'EM?

THEY AIN'T BEEN TO  
TOWN FOR WEEKS!

ON THE TRAIL  
OUTSIDE OF TOWN.

THEY ASKED FER YOU  
CROSS 'N' CRESCENT BOYS.  
THEY'RE FOLLOWIN' RIGHT BEHIND ME.

THEY WON'T DO NO MORE  
FOLLOWIN'. SPREAD OUT AND  
GET YOUR SIGHTS ON 'EM,  
BOYS!

SOME MINUTES LATER,  
RIFLESHOTS RING  
LOUD ...

DRYGULCHERS!

GOT US...  
DEAD IN THEIR  
...SIGHTS!

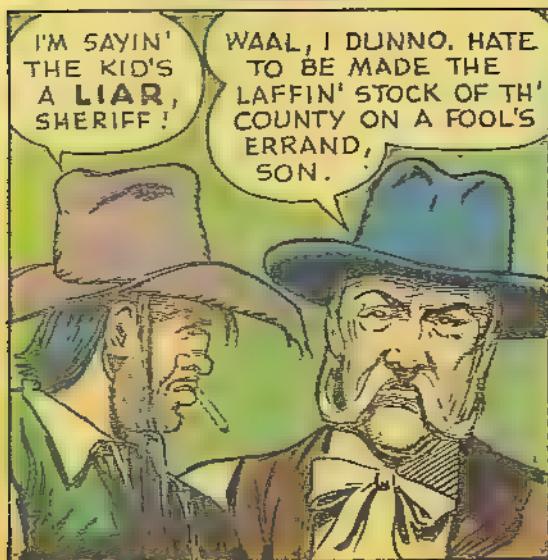
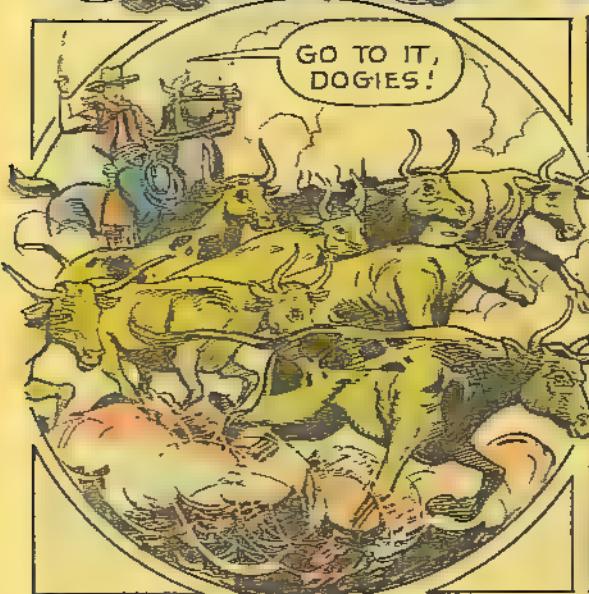
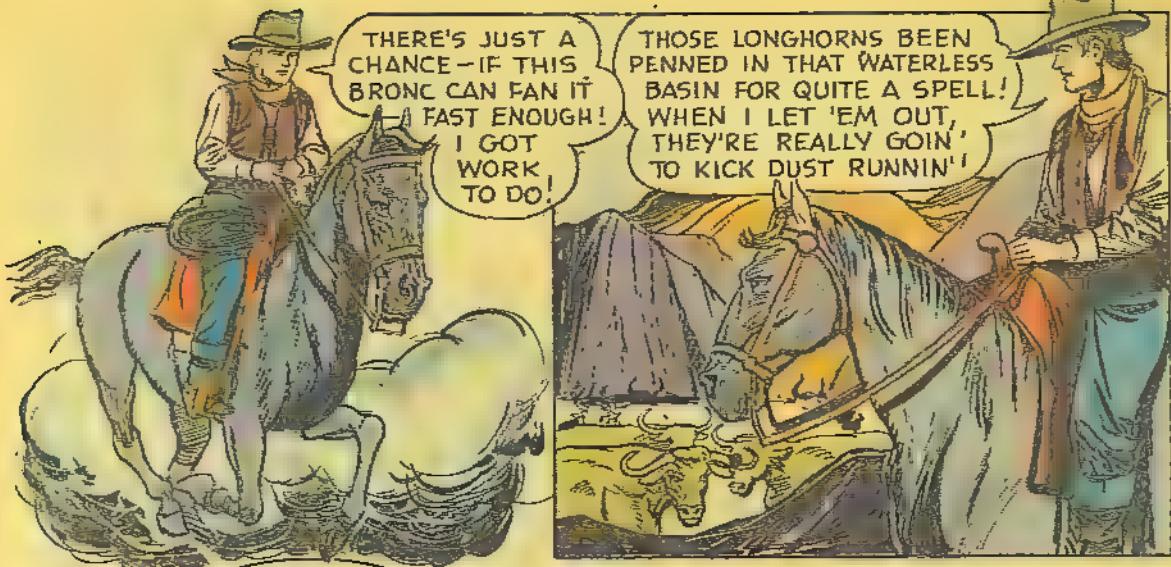
BANG BANG)

AT THE  
FORKTONGUE RANCH,

LARRY AN' BUCK  
MISSED DINNER, AN'  
THEY'RE STILL NOT  
HOME. IF NOTHIN'  
HAPPENED TO 'EM  
THEY'D BE BACK  
AFORE NOW...  
GOT TO FIND OUT  
WHAT'S KEEPING 'EM-

LARRY'S DAID, BUCK! WHO GOT YOU? HOW CAN  
I STOP 'EM WITHOUT USIN' MY SIX-GUNS? LOOK  
LIKE THE CROSS 'N' CRESCENT IS DUE TO TAKE  
OVER THE FORKTONGUE!

CROSS 'N' CRESCENT...  
HEARD 'EM PLANNIN'  
A RUSTLE ON THE  
HERD IN EAST  
BASIN RANGE.  
YOU GOT TO  
STOP 'EM, KID!



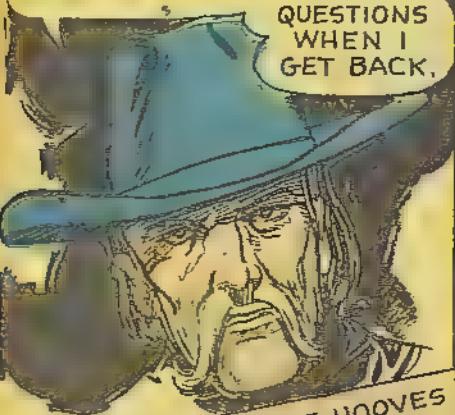
YOU WANT TO EXPLAIN HOW COME  
YOU KNOW SO MUCH ABOUT THE  
CROSS AN' CRESCENT, WADDY !



CHEW ON  
THIS A  
WHILE...



YORE FISTS DONE SPOKE FOR YOU,  
KID. I'LL TAKE A CHANCE AND  
ROUND UP TH' BOYS, MEANTIME,  
I'M GONNA TOSS SCARFACE IN  
JAIL - TO ANSWER A FEW  
QUESTIONS  
WHEN I  
GET BACK.

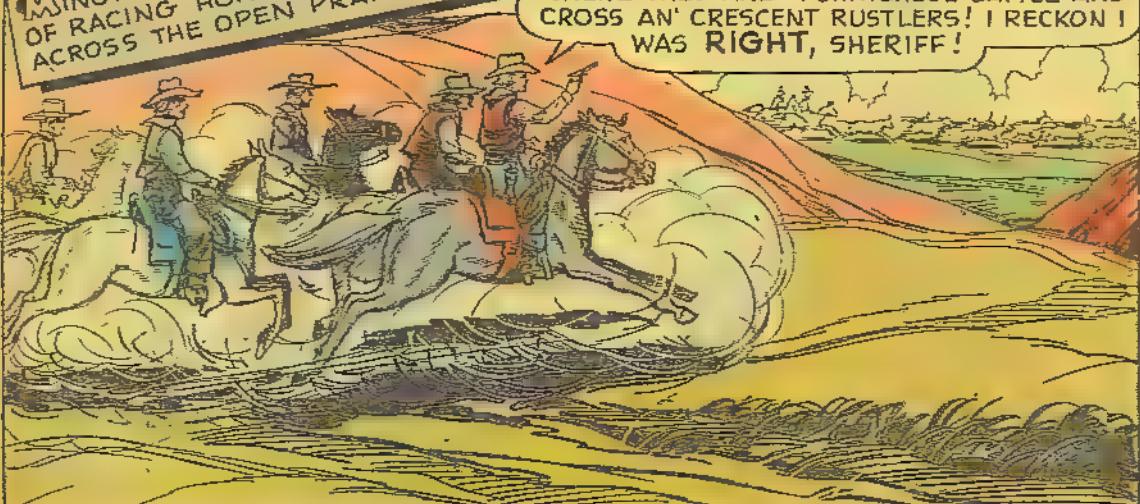


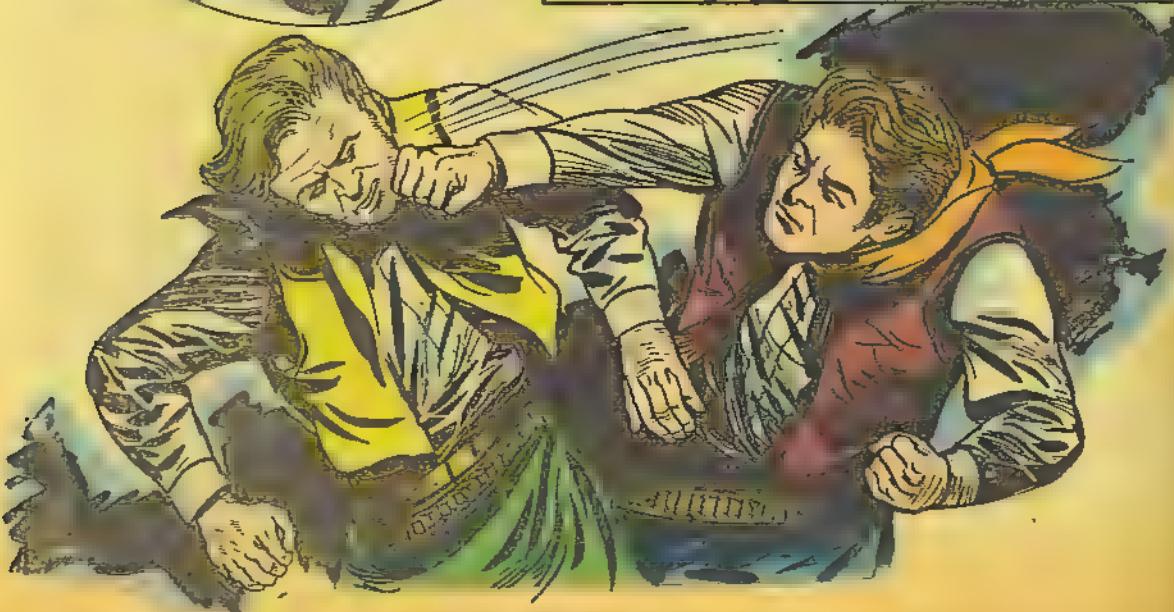
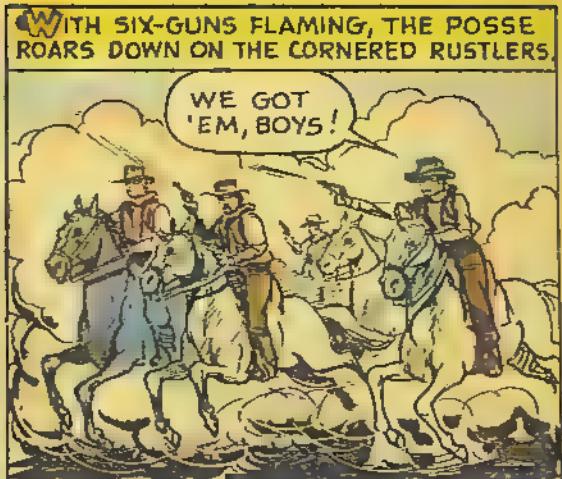
YOU WON'T FIND NO  
RUSTLED CATTLE ON THE  
CROSS AN' CRESCENT -  
BUT IF YOU DO - I'LL  
SING ABOUT WHAT  
I KNOW.

MAYBE YOU'LL SING  
ABOUT WHO DRY-  
GULCHED LARRY AN'  
BUCK ! THET'S WHAT  
I WANT TO KNOW !

MINUTES LATER, THE HOOVES  
OF RACING HORSES POUND  
ACROSS THE OPEN PRAIRIE...

THERE THEY ARE - FORKTONGUE CATTLE AND  
CROSS AN' CRESCENT RUSTLERS ! I RECKON I  
WAS **RIGHT**, SHERIFF !





WE GOT 'EM, KID.  
GOT 'EM ALL !

I RECKON THIS  
BUSTS UP RUSTLIN'  
AROUND THESE  
PARTS FOR A LONG  
TIME TO COME !

YO' WONT BELIEVE  
ME, SHERIFF - BUT  
WE DIDN'T RUSTLE  
THEM CATTLE --  
THEY JUST COME  
DUSTIN' OVER TO  
OUR RANGE BY  
THEMSELVES !

THET'S THE  
BEST ONE I  
EVER HEARD !

BEFORE YOU SAY  
ANY MORE --  
SCARFACE RATTED  
ON YOU. HE TOLD  
US PLENTY !

SCARFACE - WHY  
THET CUSSSED  
SIDEWINDER !  
HE'S IN THIS AS  
DEEP AS WE ARE !

HE AIN'T GETTIN'  
AWAY WITH IT !  
HE WAS TH' ONE  
TIIPPED US OFF TO  
LARRY AN' BUCK  
LARKIN GUNNIN'  
FER US. HE SHOT  
'EM DOWN WITH  
US, SCARFACE  
IS JUST AS  
GUILTY AS  
WE ARE !

YOU DID A MAN-SIZE JOB, KID - EVEN  
WITHOUT SIX-GUNS ! YORE MOM OUGHT  
TO BE PLENTY PROUD OF YOU !

I'D BETTER HIGHTAIL  
IT HOME TO THE  
FORKTONGUE AN' TELL  
HER SHE DON'T HAVE  
TO WORRY NONE  
ABOUT THE  
. CROSS AN'  
CRESCENT  
ANY MORE !

AT THE  
FORKTONGUE  
RANCH...

SHUCKS, MOM, THEY  
WAS TELLIN' TH' TRUTH  
FER ONCE IN THEIR LIVES !  
THEY DIDN'T RUSTLE OUR  
STEERS - THIS TIME ! THAT  
EAST BASIN HERD WAS  
WITHOUT WATER FER SOME  
DAYS - AN' SINCE THE  
NEAREST WATER WAS ON  
TH' CROSS AN' CRESCENT  
RANGE, I JUST LET 'EM  
LOOSE - KNOWIN' THEY'D  
HIGHTAIL IT  
FAST AS  
THEY COULD  
— TO THE  
RUSTLERS !

# TRAIL TALES

By AN OLD RANNY

JOHNNY (BUTTONS), A RANCH OWNER'S SON HAS COME FROM THE EAST AND WILL SPEND HIS VACATION ON THE RANCH. FROM AN OLD TIME COWBOY HE WILL LEARN ABOUT THE COWBOY - HOW HE LIVES, HIS WAYS, LINGO (LANGUAGE), TOGS (CLOTHES), RIGS (SADDLES & BRIDLES), ROUNDUPS, STAMPEDES AND MANY OTHER THINGS IN THE COWBOY WORLD.



'S-MIGHTY INTERESTIN', TH' EVOLUTION OF CHAPS...: HOW THEY COME ABOUT AND WHAT THEY GROWED INTO, WANT TO HEAR 'BOUT 'EM ?



YUH SEE IT WAS THIS-A-WAY, WHEN US OLD TIMERS FIRST COME OUT HERE, TH' WEST WUS WILD, WOOLY AND PLUMB FULL OF ORNERYNESS MOST OF US WUS JUST BUTTONS LIKE YOU-



DRESS'D IN STORE CLOTHES, AND SOME OF US EVEN WORE HOME-SPUNS - GOOD TOUGH CLOTHES --



BUT RIDIN', ROPIN' AND CHASIN' LONGHORNS THROUGH CACTUS, BRIARS, EN-CETRY SOON TORE TH' LEGS OF OUR PANTS TO RIBBONS LEAVIN' ONLY TH' SEAT IN-TACK !



WE HAD NO CLOTH TO PATCH TH' LEGS WITH BEIN THUR WUS NO TOWN NER STORE WITHIN A HUNDRED MILES OR MORE. SO WE DID TH' NEXT BEST THING, WE TANNED AND SOFTENED OUR OWN LEATHER AND MADE LEATHER PATCHES.



FIANLY, WE GOT SO MANY LEATHER PATCHES ON TH' LEGS OF OUR PANTS, WE HAD LEATHER BRITCHES, ALL 'CEPT TH' SEAT.



AFTER A WHILE  
EVEN THE LEATHER PATCHES  
GOT TORE OFF SO WE DECIDED  
TO MAKE LEATHER LEGGINS  
AND TIE 'EM ONTO OUR BELT -  
~ ~ ~

AS TIME WENT ON WE GOT MORE AND  
MORE FANCY, MAKIN' LEATHER FRINGE  
DOWN TH' SEAMS AND DOIN' FANCY BEAD  
WORK ON 'EM. AT LAST WE DISCIVERED  
IT WUS MORE PRACTICAL MAKIN' EM AND  
TH' BELT ALL IN ONE PIECE. WE  
HAND TOOLED TH' BELT IN FANCY  
DESIGNS AND MADE SILVER CONCHAS  
AND CALLED THESE BRITCHES

### "SHOTGUN" CHAPS

"CHAPS"- ABBREVIATION OF CHAPAREJOS  
- SPANISH FOR LEATHER BREECHES



HEY! MR RANNY, LOOK!  
OUR COOK HAS BEEN  
SHOTGUN'ND!

HA-HA-HA -



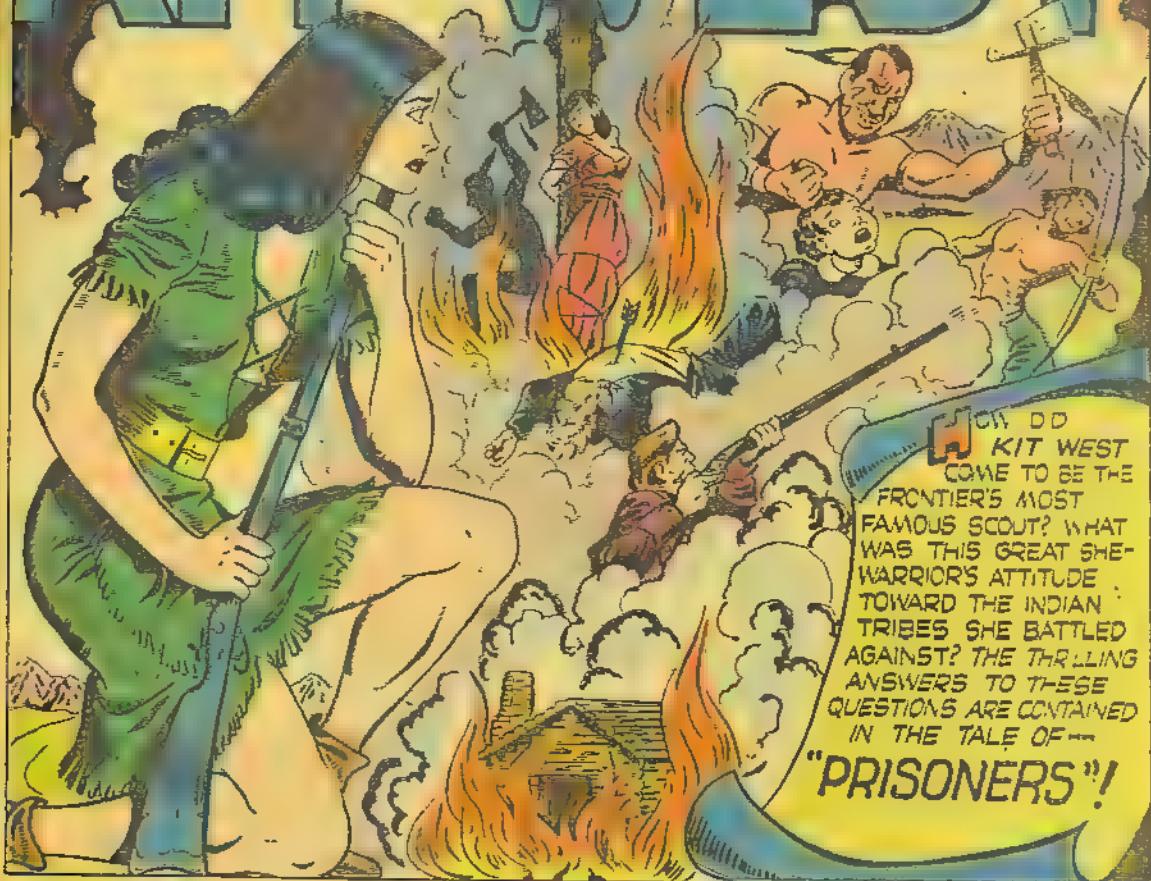
COME GIT IT!  
'FORE I THROW  
IT OUT!

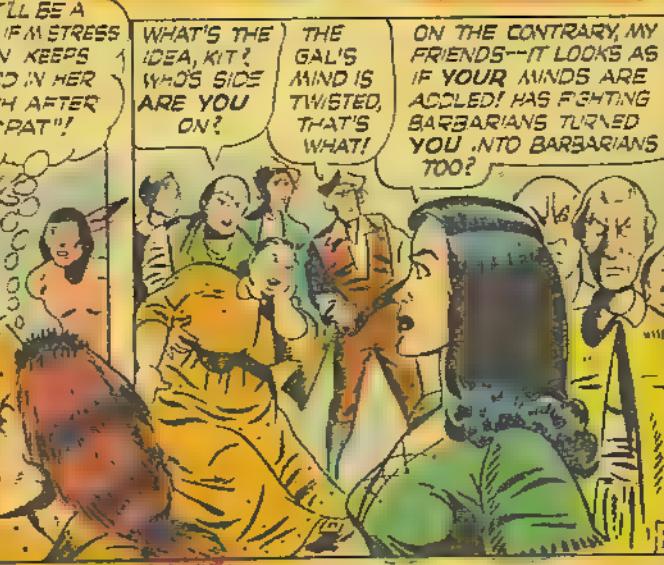
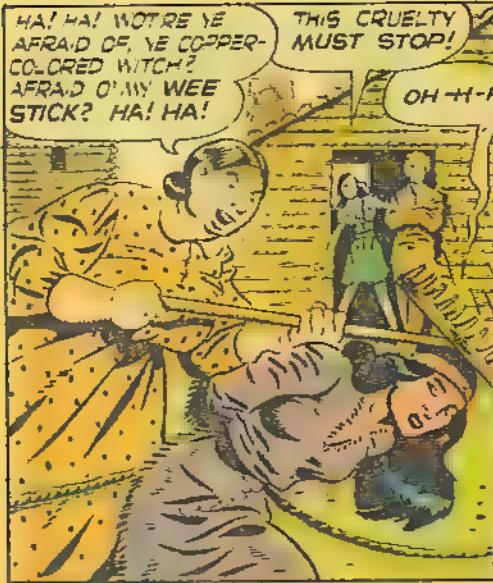


NEXT TIMF, MR.RANNY SAYS HE'S  
GONNA TELL ME MORE ABOUT BAT-  
WING AND ANGORA CHAPS. GOSH,  
HE SURE KNOWS ABOUT COWBOYS  
- BUT I WOULDNT LET HIM KNOW  
I THINK HE'S HOT-STUFF



# KIT WEST





THAT'S CAPTIVE-BATING'S NOT FOR US--IT'S  
WHAT THE REDSKINS DO BECAUSE THEY DON'T  
KNOW ANY BETTER! THEY SIMPLY HATE US  
FOR TAKING THEIR LAND! BUT WE KNOW  
BETTER--AND THAT'S ALL THE DIFFERENCE  
IN THE WORLD!

NOT TO ME IT ISN'T! THOSE  
DEVILS BURNED MY MOTHER  
AND FATHER ALIVE, AND . . .  
I WANT REVENGE!

WE ALL  
HAVE SCORES  
TO SETTLE!

LOOKS LIKE  
THE BOYS  
ARE GETTING  
A MITE OUT OF  
CONTROL!



HOLD IT, FELLERS! 'PEARS T'BEE  
A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION CON-  
CERNIN' HOW WE CELEBRATE  
OUR VICTORY OVER THE SHO-  
SHONES! WHAT SAY, WE TAKE  
THE MATTER INTO MEETIN'?

I'M FOR IT!  
LET'S TALK  
IT OVER  
BEFORE WE  
BASH IN  
ANYBODY'S  
HEAD!

WA-AL! ALL  
RIGHT--CAN'T  
SEE ANY-  
THIN' T'LOSE  
BY IT!



NO! VIOLENCE IS NOT  
THE WAY TO IMPRESS  
THE RED MAN! SHOW-

ING HIM THE SUPERIORITY OF OUR WAY OF  
LIFE WILL IMPRESS HIM! WE MUST TEACH  
INDIANS BY WHAT WE DO--WE  
MUST NOT IMITATE THEM!



MEN--  
TRUST ME!  
BELIEVE ME.  
INDIANS  
WON'T AL-  
WAYS BE  
CRUEL AND  
SAVAGE! IN FACT, THEY  
ALL AREN'T NOW! I CAN  
ILLUSTRATE FROM  
MY OWN  
EXPERIENCE!



GO AHEAD, KIT!  
TELL US!

--IT WAS ONE REASON WHY I BECAME A FRONTIER SCOUT! NINE YEARS AGO I HAD A FAMILY--WE WERE HAPPY.. THERE, IN THE LOG CABIN FATHER HAD BUILT--

--IN THE MOUNTAINS OF WESTERN KENTUCKY, I HAD A LITTLE BROTHER AND SISTER---AND ONE DAY---

BE CAREFUL, KIT! DON'T GET YOUR PRETTY DRESS TORN ON THOSE BRAMBLES--AND WATCH THE CHILDREN!

I WILL, MOTHER!

DON'T WORRY, MOTHER! I'LL TAKE CARE OF THEM!



I'LL GET THERE FIRST, AN' PICK MORE BERRIES THAN ANYBODY!

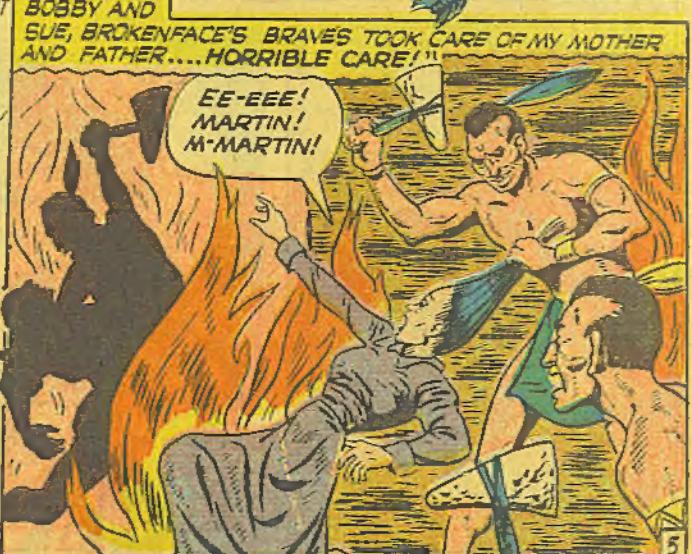
WE'LL PICK JUST AS MANY--WONT WE, KIT?

OF COURSE WE WILL, SUE DEAR!



KIT! KIT!  
THERE THEY ARE!





"--AFTER A SHORT MARCH, WE CAME TO BROKEN-FACE'S VILLAGE--I WAS GREETED WITH AMUSEMENT AND GLOATING! I TRIED NOT TO LET THEM SEE MY TERROR--"

WHAT MEAN YOU TO DO  
WITH THE PRETTY WHITE,  
O BROKEN-FACE?

AMUSE MYSELF--  
FIRST, TAKE HER  
TO MY TENT!

THEN WE BURN  
HER TO CINDER,  
HAH-H-H!

OH-HH SOON THE WHITE  
DOE WILL SQUEAL  
LOUDER!

THIS MUST  
NOT BE!  
WHAT DID  
THE POOR  
WHITE GIRL  
DO TO US, TO  
DESERVE  
SUCH A  
TERRIBLE  
FATE?

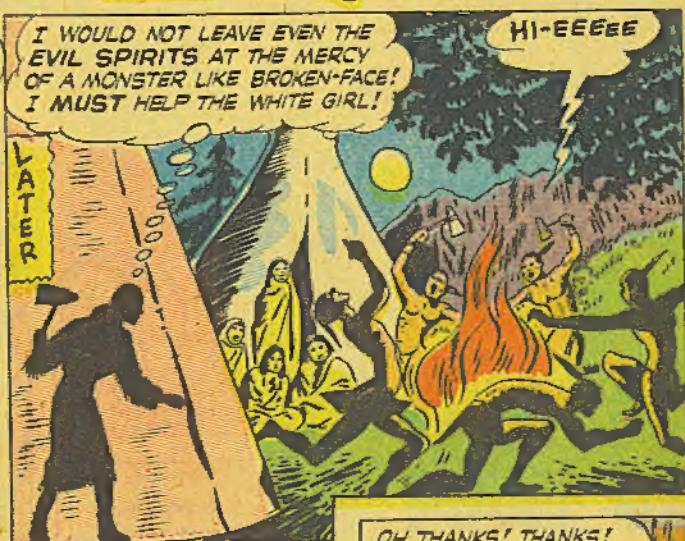


WHY DO YOU TARRY  
IN THE TENT OF  
BROKEN-FACE? OUT  
WITH YOU, CLOD OF  
EARTH!

THAT GIRL IS NOT  
LIKE THESE SAVAGES!  
I CAN SEE THE  
PITY SHE FEELS  
FOR ME, IN HER  
EYES!

I WOULD NOT LEAVE EVEN THE  
EVIL SPIRITS AT THE MERCY  
OF A MONSTER LIKE BROKEN-FACE!  
I MUST HELP THE WHITE GIRL!

HI-EEEEEE



WHAT DOES  
THE WHITE  
GIRL SAY?  
WHY IS SHE  
ALARMED?  
WATCH OUT!  
BROKEN-  
FACE--  
THROWS  
KNIFE!

FOR YOUR  
MEDDLING-- DIE !!  
TREACHEROUS ONE!

BROKEN-FACE--IN ONE  
SECOND YOU'RE GOING TO  
DESERVE YOUR  
NAME!

